

Kansas Agitator

GARNETT KANSAS

Some gifted women can even keep an active 10-year-old in shoes on less than \$65 a year.

Spanish authorities have declared that bull fighting is to be classed as an art. Abattoir art?

Many of the Wisconsin bachelors have been heard from. They say they would rather pay the \$10.

It is generally agreed that Alfred Austin writes delightful prose, excepting when he tries to write poetry.

The Rockefeller family is now declared to be the richest in America. Thank goodness that question's settled.

Somebody is applying a coat of whitewash to Nero's fame. Didn't know Nero had asked for "vindication."

Inconsistent New York is at the same time demanding cheap gas and calling upon the legislature to adjourn.

Vienna has organized an anti-American society. Mr. Castro, of Venezuela, will probably be made an honorary member.

We are positively determined this year not to believe any fish stories that are not accompanied by samples of the fish.

Mankind has invented nearly 13,000 drinks, we are told, and all but two are injurious. More proof of total depravity, eh?

Pennsylvania deacon says "one of the pathways to hell is through the church choir." The tenor of that statement is base.

The Sultan of Morocco offers \$2 each for the heads of his enemies. It looks as if the heads of his enemies were a glut in the market.

The prospective entertainment of an "educated baboon" by New York society is calling out a good many compliments—for the baboon.

Woman worth sixty millions tried in vain to get into Philadelphia society. Should have begun two generations earlier. Had no grandfather.

"The crowned heads of Europe are all afraid of their cooks," says a magazine writer. So are the uncrowned heads in this country.

Champion Jeffries announces that pugilism doesn't pay, for which reason he will quit the ring. We take it that Mr. Jeffries is not an artist for art's sake.

King Edward is reported to be losing his teeth. Still, they might be going even if he were a poor, overworked, underpaid laborer, so where's the moral?

A man who has \$20,000,000 threatens to run for congress in Pittsburg. We feel safe in saying that it is not the salary of \$5,000 a year which he is after.

Every man older than 40 who does anything notable nowadays must expect to see himself exploited in the papers as a "living refutation of the Oiler theory."

The Washington Post says: "Of course, a woman's kiss is worth \$50,000, if it can be paid for with the same kind of coin." It can, generally, if you go to court.

It is said that yawning is most healthful exercise. Now we know what the magazine poetry departments are for. Their main purpose is not literary, but therapeutic.

George Foster Peabody has purchased the small matter of a mountain in New York. It is a wonder that more of our wealthy men have not thought about collecting mountains.

A Standard Oil official is accused of having shot a man for snoring. The charge may not be true, but the fact that when a man snores he is not likely to be consuming oil cannot be overlooked.

The Atlanta tuberculosis convention did not even allude to the tapeworm as the effective foe of consumption. Ignoring that which has been the guest of some of our best people is reprehensible.

The London music publishers have agreed not to issue any new "popular" songs until the copyright laws have been improved. This means blessed relief for a time for the patient and long-suffering public.

Two prominent Paris officials engaged in mortal combat on the field of honor last week. The duel, which was in the French style, was unusually ferocious, one of the contestants, so the report runs, being badly scratched on the finger.

The duke of Manchester gets a surprising tribute from Mr. Andrew Carnegie. Says the ironmaster: "He is a good fellow, a man of integrity, and from what I hear is a devoted husband and one who will make home happy. We're very glad to hear it."

At Irving's Grave

(Special Correspondence.)

Tarrytown-on-Hudson is but twenty-six miles from New York by the old Post road, or what is left of that memorable highway. If the boom in The Bronx continues, the subway will, by and by, hurry its passenger to the verge of Sleepy Hollow. New York is growing! Lines of transportation and factories are desecrating spots that were sacred. Tarrytown has four manufactories, and a dozen others have been kept away by the stubborn fight of rich landlords. John D. Rockefeller owns thousands of acres adjoining the town. The four tracks of the New York Central are insufficient for the traffic from the metropolis. A quadruple track electric line is now being built by this company. It will parallel the steam road and run to Croton, ten miles up the Hudson from Tarrytown. Commercialism is on every hand.

But there is only one Sunnyside. Its ivy-grown porch is none the less attractive when all things are glorified by the snow.

"A token of friendship immortal—With Washington Irving returns—Scott's ivy entwined over his portal—By the Blue-eyed Lassie of Burns."

Tramping back through the snow, I saw a great white mass fall from a wind-blown tree. It took on fantastic shapes as it whirled about in the air. Given this very influence, my thoughts shaped images of old Baltus Van Tassel and the fair Katrina and Ichabod Crane and Van Brunt. I was even prepared to hear the mad race of the Headless Horseman, but checked myself in time. It would be moonlight on the Hudson in a few hours, and I could afford to wait.

The Old Dutch House.

Tommy Dean built the old Dutch house at the corner of Broadway, on the hill, in Tarrytown. He built it in 1750. Before death called him, he became one of those early millionaires, and was worth about \$50,000. The Dutch Tea Room and curio store occupies the house now. You can go there, as I did, and get a delicious meal, with tea or coffee that is excellent. And after you have eaten, a typical Dutch girl, sweet and smiling, will show you through all the odd little rooms. She will try to sell you various attractive articles, but one is not pressed unduly to buy. Most people, however, come away with a package of tea, a book or something as a memento. When you have finished inside of the house, you can go out and take a snapshot as I did. There is the box hedge, crowned with snow, and the big grapevine climbing over the kitchen. The hedge and vine are 150 years old.

And now you walk a few blocks on Broadway, formerly the old Post road, and stand before the monument of John Paulding, minute man. Here the spy, Major John Andre, was captured, Sept. 23, 1780, by Paulding and others. His capture brought to light the treachery of Arnold. But however much we loathe the traitor, Benedict Arnold, let us not overlook the men that gave him gold. And let us sometimes remember kindly Quebec and Saratoga and Ticonderoga, and think with so much charity as we may of the lonely, world-acursed and self-damned old man, alone on his deathbed in the suburbs of London.

"Cowboys" in the Revolution.

Cowboys are supposed by most people to be peculiarly a product of the West. Irving tells us, however, that a chivalric order, known as Cowboys, fought the British along the Hudson.

It shows, however, that a Dutchman had the principal say about it. Katrina worked in a few frills around the cupola, and there the church stands, much like a blockhouse fort.

Irving's Plain Grave.

"Washington Irving, born April 3, 1783. Died Nov. 28, 1859." I leaned over the gate in the fence that surrounds the sacred plot of ground, and read this inscription on a plain slab of marble about two feet high. A dozen other stones somewhat smaller occupy the modest enclosure. The sexton came by, and I spoke to him. He said that visitors had chipped away two other slabs, that this was the third one erected over Irving's grave. I wondered that, out of 70,000,000 people in the gentle author's country, none had seen fit to build up instead of chip away. It will be a matter of no great surprise if Englishmen some day endeavor to place a lasting shaft among the trees that surround the resting place of the man that they too love.

I do not mean that his spirit is of



Grave of Washington Irving.

necessarily less happy because rich bankers and brokers and brewers, in dying, have had erected tall monuments and piles of stone that hedge in our dear Irving's grave. Nor do I mean that America is unappreciative. Perhaps Americans are a little thoughtless. The struggle for the dollar is so absorbing.

Longfellow has written:

"Here lies the gentle humorist, who died in the bright Indian summer of his fame. A simple stone, with but a date and name, marks his secluded resting-place beside The river that he loved and glorified."

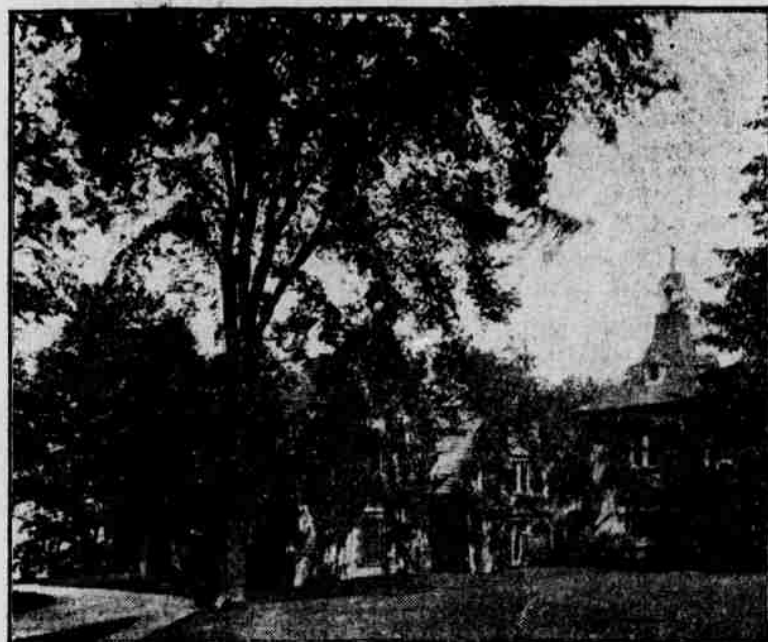
And so, saddened a little but full of peaceful thoughts, I took my way back to Tarrytown and to "the river that he glorified."

THE CRUELTY OF FASHION.

Snow-White Heron is Surely Doomed to Extinction.

The splendid snow-white heron, known as the American egret, one of the few kinds which bear the albatross plumes of millinery and commerce, is among the waning species of America—a victim to inexorable fashion, says Herbert K. Job in Country Life in America.

In 1903 the price of plumes offered to hunters was \$32 per ounce, which makes the plumes worth twice their weight in gold. There will always be men who would break any law for

Sunnyside.
Home of Washington Irving.

And Tarrytown was the very heart of the Revolutionary contest.

The hackmen, seeing me start out again, would drive me to the Old Dutch Church and back for a dollar. One of them said he would allow me half an hour to look about. A half hour for Sleepy Hollow and Irving's grave and the church! The limitation was annoying, and besides, I wanted to be alone. I had spent many half hours with the author of the Sketch Book. So away I tramped.

The oldest church on the Hudson is only about a half mile north of Tarrytown. You are told that Frederick Phillips and his wife Katrina Van Cortlandt built it in 1690, and it looks just as if a Dutchman and his wife did erect it about that year. I think Katrina put her foot down real hard under her short skirts, when the plans were being made.

If in doubt about a medicine a wise man tries it on his wife's dog.

WRITES OF WAR'S HORRORS

Graphic Description of Fighting That Preceded the Capture of Mukden.

Mukden, April 10.—That is a date line that I have been trying to write for many months, but at last it has come. We are quartered in the monastery attached to the great Lama temples just outside the west gate of the town and are trying to forget what we have seen to-day.

This has been a day that I will never forget, and a day that I do not care to live over again. I have seen sights that will never be erased from my mind, the like of which I hope I will never see again.

With Captain Cono of the staff we rode over the field of the fight for the occupation of Likampu, a small village directly west of Mukden and distant from the city about seven miles. It was here that the fiercest and bloodiest fight of the battle, perhaps of the entire war, took place. The fight began on the evening of March 6, when one brigade of the Fifth division, which formed the left wing of Oku's army, advanced on the town which was held by the Russians. The next day, after a hard fight, the Japanese occupied Likampu and a small unarmored village of half a dozen houses surrounded by low mud walls, just to the south of Likampu. The entire Fifth division was brought up and occupied the villages and the line extending to the south of them.

But this line was a vital point for the Russians, who were protecting the retreat of the main army, for from there the Japanese guns could reach the Mukden stations, and a counter-attack was ordered. The Russians were re-enforced until their force amounted to three divisions, three times as many men as the Japanese had. They desperately attacked the line and reoccupied the villages. They didn't drive the Japanese out, for when they occupied the villages there were no Japanese left alive to be driven out. The unnamed village was held by the Thirty-third regiment, but the Russian artillery fire reached the village from the flank and the front, and the regiment was annihilated.

In Likampu itself the Japanese were unable to stop the Russian rush, but they defended every mud wall and every house and met the enemy with cold steel in the streets, the men fighting with their bayonets, the officers with their swords.

From this brief description of the fighting you will be able to form some slight idea of the sights we saw when we rode over the field this morning. The wounded had all been removed, the dead were just being collected. On that field in front of the two villages lay fully 2,000 dead bodies, Russian and Japanese, in inextinguishable confusion. Hundreds of soldiers were at work on the field gathering up the Japanese dead and, of course, the Russian, too. Any description of this scene that I can write will give but a faint idea of the horror of it. It would require the pen of a Zola to do it justice. Picture to yourself a square mile of plowed field with two villages in its center. Scatter over this field the bodies of 2,000 dead soldiers, lying as they fell in horribly grotesque attitudes.

Among them place several hundred soldiers bearing the dead to a central place, where they are laid out in rows, record made of their names and commands, and of what is found in their pockets. Over the entire field scatter rifles and ammunition, bits of clothing and equipment, water bottles and haversacks and bloody bandages. Add to all this the squads digging graves for the Russians and the funeral pyres of the Japanese and you have a faint idea of what the scene was like.

Here you have war in all its ghastly horror. Here is what war really is; here is that, which, if all the world could see it, would make war in the future impossible.

Look at this figure. Its legs are widely stretched apart, its arms are raised toward the sky. The mouth is open, the eyes staring. On the breast of the dark tunic is a dull red stain. Yet this was once a man. In far-off Russia someone is thinking of him to-day, someone is praying for his safety. And here he lies between the furrows, a horrible thing, at which your horse shies.

Here is another, also a Russian, shot through the right breast. The upper part of his body is bare and a first-aid bandage has been roughly applied to the wound. He lies on his right side, pressing his shoulder to the ground to ease the pain, while his left hand clutches the bloody bandage. He is young, his beard is fair, but on the dead face there is an expression of unspeakable anguish.

Here is another, this time a Japanese. His left foot is bare and bandaged. He is resting on his right knee and you can plainly see that he has dragged himself along for perhaps a dozen yards. Then came another bullet which passed through his head and he is dead.

Here in front of the little mud wall lie half a dozen Russians, their rifles beside them. On the other side of the wall lies the body of a Japanese soldier, his rifle still in his hands. His right leg has been shattered by a bit of shell, his neck is pierced by a bayonet wound. The leg wound has been roughly bandaged and the blood marks on the ground show where the soldier dragged himself to the shelter of the wall. The little heap of empty cartridge shells beside him and the lead Russians on the other side of the wall show plainly that the man, se-

verely wounded as he was, kept up the fight until the bayonet wound put an end to his life.

One might go on for columns describing this field. The dead are scattered everywhere and each body tells its own story.

Many of them lie where they fell, killed on the instant; others have tried to crawl away only to die in the effort, and still others lie in attitudes which show their awful suffering before merciful death came to them.

In the village of Likampu itself the scene to-day is even more horrible. Here there had been street fighting and every road, every lane, every compound and every well has its heaps of dead. The fighting here was very fierce and much of it was with cold steel. Scores died by the bayonet and ghastly wounds are visible on every side. Dozens of terribly mangled bodies show the awful work of the deadly hand grenades. In many cases dead Russians and Japanese lay side by side, their hands actually closed on each other in the death grip.

Many houses had been set on fire by the Russian shells and in them can be seen the half-burned bodies of wounded men who crawled there for shelter only to meet death in an even more horrible form.

We rode rapidly through the village, for the sight was not a pleasant one. Great fires were burning on every side, for the Japanese were at work cremating their dead, and the odor of burning human flesh added a new horror to the already long list.

And remember that this is only one small corner of the battlefield; all along a line 100 miles long they are lying, though not so thickly as they are in this cornfield.—Will H. Brill, special correspondent Chicago Journal.

WASHINGTON DUKE IS DEAD

Head of American Tobacco Company, and Noted Philanthropist.

Washington Duke, founder of the American Tobacco company, and one of the South's greatest philanthropists, died at Durham, N. C., May 8. Mr. Duke was one of the wealthiest men in the South and his contributions to charitable and educational institutions were large and frequent. One of his most noted gifts was \$100,000 to Trinity college at Kingston, N. C., upon condition that the college



should be open to girls on equal terms with men. He had contributed largely to Trinity college.

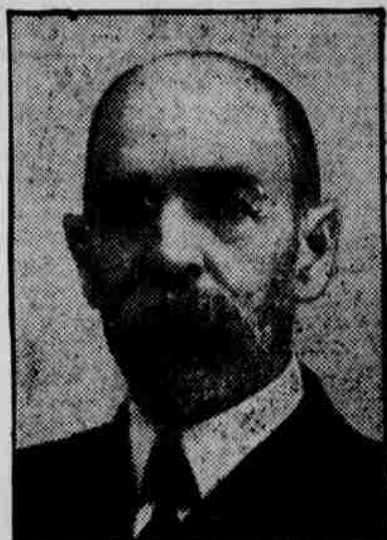
Science the Farmer's Aid.

The government spends \$720,000 a year in maintaining agricultural experiment stations. To those unfamiliar with the vast benefit that has accrued from this branch of the federal service the cost will appear larger than the returns justify. One of the practical results of scientific agricultural research that will appeal to the layman was recently given out by Professor C. F. Curtiss, director of the Iowa agricultural station, who points out that the addition of a single kernel to the ear of corn and to the head of smaller grain would make an increase to the nation's yield of 5,000,000 bushels of corn, 15,000,000 bushels of wheat and 20,000,000 bushels of oats. These are figures sufficiently significant of the results to be wrought by government experiments to emphasize the practical value of the work that is going on among these institutions.—Kansas City Journal.

Author Fond of the Country.

Julius Verne found the noise and stir of the city too exciting for him and so he went to Amiens to live. He liked the quiet of the town, its cathedral, its surrounding ponds and marshes and some of the families to whom he was introduced. In one of the families he found his wife. Beside one of the ponds, watching a duck dive, came the inception of his great story, "Vingt Mille Lieues Sous les Mers." He worked in an old tower, where he had only pitch pine furniture, save a few old-fashioned chairs and an oak settee, a family heritage that he had fetched from Nantes. Pictures of the sea hung on the white-washed walls. He said that the luxurious homes of literary men in Paris jarred on him—that the recherche of the modern habitation prevented one from retiring within the chamber of the imagination and giving one's self up to one's thoughts.

LIEUTENANT BOWMAN.



IN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS PE-RU-NA CURED HIM.

Cold Affected Head and Throat—Attack Was Severe.

Chas. W. Bowman, 1st Lieut. and Adj. 4th M. S. M. Cav. Vols., writes from Lanham, Md., as follows: "Though somewhat averse to patent medicines, and still more averse to becoming a professional affidavit man, it seems only a plain duty in the present instance to add my experience to the columns already written concerning the curative powers of Peruna.

"I have been particularly benefited by its use for colds in the head and throat. I have been able to fully cure myself of a most severe attack in forty-eight hours by its use according to directions. I use it as a preventive whenever threatened with an attack.

"Members of my family also use it for like ailments. We are recommending it to our friends."—C. W. Bowman.

Pe-ru-na Contains No Narcotics.

One reason why Peruna has found permanent use in so many homes is that it contains no narcotic of any kind. It can be used any length of time without acquiring a drug habit.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, for free medical advice. All correspondence held strictly confidential.

In the Spring.

"Can't I go out in the back yard and play in the garden, mamma?"

"Certainly not, child. You must stay in and study your nature books."

Dealers say that as soon as a customer tries Deffiance Starch it is impossible to sell them any other cold water starch. It can be used cold or boiled.

"My dear son," was the reply, "your creditors have also been harassing me. I am therefore, glad that you are so familiar with current history, as you will understand what I mean when I say that until they are satisfied I have to take charge of our custom-house."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

For Rent or Sale, Two Ranches of 3,000 Acres Each.

Located in Custer county on South Loup river; consists of 500 acres good corn land, 60 alfalfa, 320 meadow and the balance in pasture; good improvements. Inquire of Victor H. Coffman, Omaha, Neb.

When a girl begins to encourage a young man to save money she must mean business all right.

Storekeepers report that the extra quantity, together with the superior quality of Deffiance Starch makes it next to impossible to sell any other brand.

It takes four pounds of fresh leaves to make one pound of dried tea.

Many Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, Break up Colds and Destroy Worms. At all Druggists. 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

In the East and West indies beetle are so brilliant in coloring that they are beautiful as gems.

USE THE FAMOUS

Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2-oz. package 5 cents. The Russ Company, South Bend, Ind.

It is often the case that a handsome woman hasn't brains enough to be pretty.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BORER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

At Manchester, England, a large reservoir is slowly sinking into the ground and it is thought it will soon sink into a coal mine which is below it.

"Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy saved my life! I had dyspepsia and kidney disease."—Senator Albert Morris, Park Place, N. Y. A bottle.

The king of England possesses china estimated to be worth two million dollars.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough. 25c a bottle.

Swapping Lies.

Kansas Man—I know of a Kansas girl who got mixed up with a Kansas wind and it blew her hair right off of her head.

New York Citizen—Pooh! New York women don't dare go past the Flatiron Building for fear the wind will blow the complexion right off of their faces.

The coast Indians of Alaska speak Russian and bear a close resemblance to the Japanese, being small of stature and prominent of chin.